to taste your beating heart

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to taste your beating heart

by skvadern

Summary

“Oh Will,” he says softly, reaching out to fit a cold hand to his cheek, “I intend to.”

The new moon has stirred something in Hannibal, something wild and starving. Will doesn't mind.

No, really, he doesn't.

Timestamp for *sycamore, ash, moss and loam*, from the end of *my crown on the head of a creature*.

Notes

This is technically a timestamp off the end of a larger AU which is now starting to be posted, in which Will is homeless, having been kidnapped and traumatised by one of the Fair Folk, until Ravenstag!Hannibal finds him and offers him a place to stay for the night. It involves creepiness, Things That Should Not Be Charming, the Margot & Will friendship we deserve, Things That Should Not Be Hot, found family and a slightly unconventional healing process and reclamation of freedom and happiness.

This, here, is just porn. Kinky irredeemable pornography. You're welcome.

Cats/Blue, I'm sorry your birthday present is more than 2 months late and for a fandom you're not in, but I hope you like the creepy-ass pornography. You're the wind beneath my wings and I blame you for any elements of monsterfuckery that may or may not crop up within. Love ya xx

See the end of the work for more notes

His hand is just stretching out to bury itself in the stag's feathered coat when someone sits down on the bed beside him and he comes awake.

"Hannibal?" he asks, voice loose and heavy as his limbs, and icy lips press his forehead in answer. He shivers sleepily

"Sorry I woke you." He can hear the smile in Hannibal's voice.

"No, you're not," he accuses lazily. "Where's Abigail?"

"Out in the forest still, making the most of the new moon." The front room of Will's little farmhouse is very dark without moonlight, but Will can see that Hannibal is in his human body, the form he wears most around Will. Also, he's naked.

Casual nudity isn't something he's used to from Hannibal. For all his mildly pretentious speeches about embracing one's true nature and never hiding from God, the faery loves his three-piece suits and all the rest of his concealing finery. Tonight is different. It *feels* different. Even covered in smooth tanned skin he looks inhuman, more sharply edged than he really should, like he's been carved from the shadows. He smells of pine and night air, a little of blood. A wild, chilly energy is rolling off him, lapping like waves at the shore of Will's mind. He gets the sense that it's only being so politely gentle with him because Hannibal is containing himself, trying not to overwhelm. He also gets the sense that restraint isn't going to last very long.

Will would be lying if he said he wasn't starting to get scared, just a bit.

He'd also be lying if he said that didn't do something for him.

"Why aren't you out with her? Making the most of the new moon?"

Hannibal smiles, cruel and sharp and achingly fond. "Oh Will," he says softly, reaching out to fit a cold hand to his cheek, "I intend to."

This time there's nothing sleepy about the shiver that rolls over Will's skin. Hannibal's eyes catch on the motion, and Will can't help feeling like something small and furry, cowering for its life. For a second, the building edge of fear is entirely too real.

Will takes a deep breath and lets the feeling move over him and away. He invited this predator into his home and his bed, willingly and with a smile. God knows he's had his chances to run; even tonight, with whatever the hell is going on with his faeries and the new moon, Will could tell Hannibal to leave and be listened to, be obeyed. Despite all appearances, he is actually safe.

Hannibal must pick up on his mood, because his hand shifts to combing through Will's hair, mussing his sleep-messy curls. His other hand goes wandering down under the blankets, rucking up the hem of Will's t-shirt to smooth over his belly. Goosebumps rise in his wake, like Hannibal is drawing patterns on his skin. "Stay with me, darling," he murmurs.

“Where else would I go?” Will replies softly, arching to press into Hannibal’s hands. In answer, the faery moves so he’s crouched over Will, blocking out the room and the rest of the world. Hannibal is smiling again as he ducks to press his face into Will’s neck, taking a deep breath. Strands of slightly damp hair, loose from its usual gelled style, brush over Will’s eyes and he lets them fall closed, lets himself fall back into Hannibal’s hands and how they move over him.

Teeth scrape carefully over the skin of his neck, and Will can’t help but tense. Even so, he lets his head tip to the side, baring the line of his throat.

Hannibal hums approvingly, then bites him. Hard.

Will’s breath leaves him like it’s been knocked out. He tries to twist away reflexively, but Hannibal’s arms are around him, pinning and lifting him until he’s trapped right where Hannibal wants him. He gasps, feeling like he’s being suspended far above the bed and anything solid that isn’t the monster with its teeth sunk into his trapezoid.

When Hannibal lets up and raises his head, Will’s blood is black on his teeth and lips. As Will watches, head spinning, he licks it away with an expression of hungry bliss. Overwhelmed, Will shuts his eyes again.

“Forgive me.” Hannibal presses the words into his neck, licking at the wound he’s left. “You taste wonderful.”

“You’re forgiven,” Will rasps out. Not like this isn’t normal for them; since their very first meeting, when Will was still so terrified, Hannibal has loved to taste him. It’s in his nature.

That sparks an association, and Will turns his head, forcing his eyes open until Hannibal’s meet his and catch. He studies the alien intelligence he finds in them, letting the drawbridges of his mind drop, allowing the connection to form.

What he sees in Hannibal makes his mouth run dry, and he realises just how achingly hard he is.

“You’re so *hungry*,” he whispers, because now he’s looking he can practically feel the shadows at Hannibal’s edges mouthing against his skin, the endless ache that howls to be satisfied. Oh, the hunger is always there, Hannibal is as much a creature of hunger as he is one of winter and darkness; which is to say, it’s as essential to his being as Will’s cells are to his. But Hannibal doesn’t exactly deny himself, and normally it’s banked, held steady and as controlled as everything else about Hannibal Lecter.

This is a different beast altogether. It’s savage and desperate, wild as a wolf, and focussed with terrible precision on Will and Will alone.

Hannibal’s eyes shine in the darkness. “A side effect of this point in the lunar cycle,” he murmurs, hands still smoothing over Will’s back. There’s a restlessness to his movements, a tension, like he’s still holding back. If a mouthful of his blood is restraint, Will wonders dizzily how far this is going to go. “Exacerbated tonight by various phenomena that I’d be happy to explain later –“

Will cuts him off with a kiss, messy and violent and flavoured with his blood. He can't help rocking his hips upwards, especially when Hannibal curls a hand round his jaw and *takes*, practically devouring his mouth. Eventually Will has to jerk his head away to gasp for breath, but then Hannibal starts back in on his neck and all he can do is lie there, grinding upwards as Hannibal settles his weight over him like a lion over its kill.

The blankets go first, Hannibal tearing them away to leave Will exposed and shivering in his t-shirt and boxers. He's expecting Hannibal to tear those off too, but instead he rears back and flexes a hand. At first, the room is too dark for Will to see what he's doing, but then a stray glint of light reflects off Hannibal's fingers and Will realises Hannibal is growing *claws*.

"Oh fuck," he whispers helplessly.

Hannibal smiles wickedly and trails his claws down the side of Will's jaw, along his neck. They're scalpel-sharp and freezing, and though Will knows how controlled Hannibal can be with them, he can't help the certainty that his skin is splitting open in their wake. When he gets to the neck of Will's t-shirt, Hannibal hooks it and tears it down the centre with a jerk of his wrist. Will's gaze catches on the ends of the fabric as they flutter away, as cleanly split as if they were cut with scissors.

The claws are gone as quickly as they appeared – *because I don't want to cut him, because I don't trust myself not to right now and I never want to hurt him by* accident, *not when I can do it on purpose and lick away his tears* – and before Will can summon enough air to bitch about his shirt he's flipped onto his stomach and pinned by the wrists *to keep him with me, always with me, darling boy*. Hannibal's hands are like manacles made of ice, and Will can't stop himself sobbing into the pillows as the burst of fear mixes with the sudden pressure on his dick. At least this way there's no eye contact; he's having a hard enough time keeping his own head straight without Hannibal's thoughts seeping in, and right now Hannibal's walls are crumbling like Troy and he barely has to try –

The wound on his shoulder throbs as Hannibal bites into it again, sending a stab of heat straight to his cock, and Will grinds down on the sheets. When he's done – probably making a point about staying in the moment, the asshole – Hannibal laps at it. His cool tongue would be soothing if it wasn't for the thrill each stroke sends down Will's spine.

"Beautiful thing," he sighs into Will's ear, "precious, warm thing, you don't know the things I'd do to you right now."

"I'd let you," Will promises, dizzy with terror and lust and the knowledge that he *means it*, he really does. He'd let Hannibal carve him to pieces or eat him whole, as long as he got to feel the faery pressed against him while he does it.

Hannibal nips at his ear in answer, the lighter press of his teeth a promise in kind. *I won't damage you, I can be gentle, I can control myself for you.* Then his lips are moving downwards, tracing kisses and bites along the valley of his spine until he gets to Will's boxers.

For a moment, Hannibal is perfectly still, and then Will feels the freezing scratch of Hannibal's claws tracing the outline of his ass through the fabric. He so nearly comes right

there.

“Keep still for me,” Hannibal tells him, and then his claws are catching on the seams of his boxers and *tearing*. Will is frozen, unable even to breath, as Hannibal runs them over bare, vulnerable skin, over his ass and down to his inner thighs. Then Hannibal’s big hands are spreading him open, claws digging in and sparking tiny, icy pinpricks, and Will thanks any god that still bothers with him that he remembered to clean up because Hannibal’s face is between his cheeks and he’s licking at Will’s hole like he’s literally starving to death, right now, and Will’s body is the only thing that could ever satisfy him.

He eats Will out for a time completely outside of time, lapping at him in between curls and stabbing thrusts of his tongue. Will grinds into the mattress, chasing the sweet burn of friction and the scrape of claw-points to keep him grounded, while the pleasure Hannibal’s giving him leaves him floating in his head, unmoored and drowning in sensation. It’s too much, not enough, and Hannibal isn’t letting up.

One of Hannibal’s hands leaves his ass, and Will hears the pop of a lube bottle distantly, as if from another world. He doesn’t even connect the dots until slick fingers slides under Hannibal’s tongue. For a moment, Will is convinced Hannibal is going to put his claws inside him, and the terror makes spots of colour dance behind his eyes. Two of Hannibal’s fingers slide into him, stretching him sudden and sharp, and Will shoves his hips back and down and then he’s coming and everything is heat and relief.

When he fades back into his body, Hannibal has him on his back again and he’s sucking Will’s come of his belly. He still has two fingers inside him, scissoring them while he bites and sucks marks across the bared skin laid out for him. Considerate monster that he is, he’s avoiding Will’s prostate for now, but the sensation still hovers just on the edge of unbearable.

“If I didn’t know better,” Will says shakily when Hannibal takes a mouthful of his sweat-slick skin and just *licks* at it, “I’d say you had some sort of oral fixation. Whatever would Freud say?” For that, he gets a growl that sets him shivering and a viciously calculated press on his prostate that actually makes him yell, deep heat spreading through him in a wave.

“I’d thank you not to bring Freud into our bedroom,” Hannibal lets his mouthful go for long enough to say. His eyes are still wild, his voice still edged with ice and howling and all the promises of a starless, moonless night. “You know I despised the man.”

Will hums, letting his eyes fall shut as he tries to hold on to the shreds of his composure. Hannibal is letting a third finger trace over his rim, around the two buried inside him already, and the overstimulation is beginning to settle into something more manageable. Hannibal has always been merciless with Will’s pleasure, he’s had to adapt in self-defence.

Still, when the third finger slips in, so easy with how loose his body has been made, he can’t hold back an embarrassingly high-pitched noise which is definitely *not* a whimper.

“Beautiful,” Hannibal murmurs, and withdraws his fingers, leaving Will empty. He cants his hips up, trying to encourage without looking like he’s begging. He doubts he’s fooling Hannibal, but it’s worth a try.

“Open your eyes, darling,” Hannibal tells him, and Will shakes his head spasmodically.

“Can’t,” he chokes out, “There’s too much.”

“I’m too much, right now. I know, I know.” Cool lips press against his eyelids and then Hannibal is turning him over. Will presses his face into the pillows, welcoming the chance to hide his burning cheeks as he hears Hannibal slicking himself. Then he’s pushing against Will, a gentle but inexorable pressure, sliding forward and forward until their hips are pressed together and Will is spread wide and held there.

Will’s whole body is shaking uncontrollably, and he thinks some of it must be from Hannibal. Even now, he’s still so tense.

“Just fuck me,” Will gasps, pressing kisses to the hand by his cheek. “Please, just let go.”

“So you can catch me,” Hannibal whispers, almost a hiss, and then starts to move.

Slow rolls of his hips that don’t last long, before Hannibal starts fucking him properly, long smooth strokes that nudge against Will’s prostate and set him to burning. Hannibal’s face is buried back in Will’s neck, breathing him in as he fills him, again and again. Will twists and writhes and shoves himself back on Hannibal’s cock with the little leverage he has, urging him on.

Pressure builds and builds inside him, radiating out through his whole body, and Hannibal must smell it on him because he snarls and rears up, pulling Will’s hips with him and somehow pushing even deeper inside. Will gets his knees under him and moves with Hannibal, chasing the rich, aching heat even as cold hands close around his hips and a body that feels like it’s been carved from a winter night covers him.

When it all spills over, Will does actually black out.

Hannibal’s teeth are locked back in his shoulder when he comes to, hips still twitching against Will’s ass. They’ve ended up on their sides somehow, Hannibal spooning him.

Apparently Hannibal *is* feeding off sex, no matter how many times he claims he doesn’t, because he’s far more relaxed now, muscles loose and the cold power faded, less frenetic. He may actually be purring. Will doesn’t need eye contact to feel the reflected relief as Hannibal’s hunger recedes.

“Are you going to let go of that any time soon?” he asks drowsily, and Hannibal huffs and releases his shoulder.

“This will scar,” he remarks, and to his credit he does try not to sound too smug.

“There goes my modelling career.” Will affects a melancholy sigh as Hannibal combs his tongue gently over the bite.

“As if I’d share you,” Hannibal says, tenderness spilling out of his voice and over Will, warm in the cold room. He pulls out, ever so carefully, and Will registers that he’s still hard even as he hisses.

“Hope you don’t expect me to help with that.”

“I’ve worn you out, have I?” Hannibal asks, sweetly cruel, lips brushing over Will’s cheek. “I’ll live, my dearest.” He gets up off the bed, and Will dozes as he hears the tap in the kitchen run and the kettle fill.

Daisy must have snuck down from the upstairs room she likes to nap in, because he feels her furry weight settle on the bed beside him just as Hannibal returns.

“I brought you a hot water bottle, but if you’d rather use the dog?”

“I’ll have both,” Will says sleepily, wincing and shifting as Hannibal cleans him up, dropping kisses down on him the whole time.

Lips brush his cheek again. “Demanding boy.”

Will falls back into sleep with his hand buried in Daisy’s warm curls, wrapped around the hot water bottle with his head in Hannibal’s lap, cold fingers playing with his hair.

End Notes

Daisy looks like this , if you're wondering.

Title from Howl by Florence and the Machine because nobody can stop me.

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